The Mystery of Beaconsfield Hotel: The Return

Written by Adriana Coelho

Based on my book The Beaconsfield Hotel Mystery

Logline

When the son of a notorious arsonist returns to the rebuilt

Beaconsfield Hotel wearing his father’s golden mask, a glamorous celebration turns into a night of terror, forcing

survivors to confront the curse that has haunted the hotel

for generations.

Synopsis

The Mystery of Beaconsfield Hotel: The Return is a psychological thriller set in 2010. On the night of the

hotel’s grand reopening, Tyler Johnson , orphaned son of

the original Masked Man, seizes the hotel with a group of

masked accomplices. Driven by vengeance and obsession

with his father’s legacy, Tyler traps guests and staff in a

deadly hostage crisis, vowing to burn the Beaconsfield to

the grou nd once again.

As fear spreads, Thomas , the new owner of the hotel and son of its former victim, must rise against Tyler, while

Detective Sarah Bennett leads the police operation outside. Caught between fire, violence, and haunting

visions of the past, both survivors and authorities realize

that the Beaconsfield curse is not just history —it’s alive.

Dark, suspenseful, and cinematic, the story explores legacy, madness, and the fine line between justice and obsession .

Main Characters

• Tyler Johnson

Son of William and Chloe Johnson. Orphaned after their deaths in 1980, he grows up obsessed with his father’s dark legacy. In 2010, he dons the golden mask and becomes the new Masked Man, leading the hostage crisis inside the Beaconsfield Hotel.

Consumed by vengeance, fire, and the idea of destiny.

• William Johnson (The Masked Man)

Tyler’s father and the original Masked Man. In 1980, he terrorized and burned the Beaconsfield Hotel.

Though dead, his presence haunts Tyler through visions and reflections, fueling Tyler’s madness. A figure of fear and legacy.

• Chloe Johnson

Tyler’s mother, who died in 1980, shortly after William. Her grave lies beside William’s, where Tyler later visits. Represents the broken family bond that shapes Tyler’s obsession.

• Thomas

Proud new owner of the rebuilt Beaconsfield Hotel in

2010. Son of James (the 1980 hotel owner).

Courageous but burdened by the past. He becomes

Tyler’s main adversary, representing resistance

against the curse of the hotel.

• James

Thomas’s father and the Beaconsfield Hotel’s owner

in 1980. He tried to resist William (the Masked Man)

but was destroyed by the curse of the hotel. His

memory motivates Thomas to rebuild the hotel and

later fight Tyler.

• Harry

The original owner of the Beaconsfield Hotel in the

1930s. Burned during the first Masked Man tragedy.

His death marked the beginning of the Beaconsfield

curse.

• Peter

A survivor linked to the past tragedies of the hotel.

He recognizes the curse returning in Tyler and acts as

a voice of warning and history. Haunted by the

Johnson family’s legacy.

Supporting Characters

• Eliza Carter

Young journalist trapped inside the hotel during the

hostage crisis. Brave, sharp, and determined to

expose the truth. She manages to alert the outside

world before communications are cut, giving hope to

the hostages.

• Detective Sarah Bennett

Scotland Yard detective leading the police operation outside the Beaconsfield Hotel. Professional, sharp, and relentless. She recognizes Tyler’s actions as an attempt to immortalize his father’s legacy and becomes the voice of reason and defiance against him.

• Judge Whitaker

Stern judge who presides over Tyler Johnson’s trial in 2011. Sentences him to life imprisonment without parole.

• Prosecutor

Argues Tyler’s guilt during the trial, laying out the evidence of his crimes.

• Defense Attorney

Defends Tyler, claiming he is a traumatized orphan, though Tyler himself rejects this plea and embraces his legacy.

• Police Captain / Superintendent

Commanding officers working with Sarah Bennett during the siege. They strategize, manage the perimeter, and react to Tyler’s theatrics and threats.

• SWAT Officers & Police Guards

Armed forces who storm the hotel to rescue hostages and later escort Tyler in chains.

Journalists & Media

• Eliza Carter (inside the hotel, already mentioned).

• Anna Clarke (BBC Reporter) – Covers the siege live from outside the hotel.

• David Russell (Sky News Correspondent) – Gives historical context about the hotel’s cursed past on live broadcast.

• Other International Journalists / Reporters – Capture Tyler’s theatrics, broadcast his rants, and spread his image worldwide.

Hostages & Accomplices

• Masked Accomplices (Five Men) Tyler’s loyal followers. They wear simpler black masks and help him seize the hotel, terrorize the guests, and spread petrol for fire. Several are killed during the siege.

• Guests & Staff (Hostages) Trapped inside during the crisis. Their fear and suffering amplify Tyler’s spectacle. Some beg for their lives, others faint, and one is executed to show Tyler’s power.

Epilogue Characters

• Cemetery Police Guards Escort Tyler in 2011 to visit his parents’ graves. They witness his unsettling moment with the vision of William’s masked figure.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND LOBBY – NIGHT (2010)

The newly rebuilt Beaconsfield Hotel sparkles with wealth and glamour. Guests in tuxedos and gowns sip champagne beneath the massive chandelier. The music of a string quartet echoes through the hall as waiters pass by with silver trays.

But not everyone is here to celebrate.

Near the revolving glass doors, TYLER JOHNSON (30s) enters the lobby. Dressed in a sleek black coat, his face calm but his eyes burning with a hidden fire. In his hand, he carries a leather case. Tucked inside, unseen by the crowd, is the golden mask of hi s father — William, the Masked Man.

Tyler stops, scanning the glittering lobby. His lips curl into a faint smile.

TYLER
(quietly, to himself)

Father… tonight, they will pay.

From the shadows at the far end of the lobby, FIVE MEN step inside one by one. Each is dressed like an ordinary guest or staff member, but their movements are deliberate.

Their eyes search the room, scanning exits, studying security cameras.

One of the men brushes past Tyler, nodding subtly.

Another disappears into the crowd near the elevators.

Tyler raises his glass as if to toast, blending with the

celebration, but his voice is low and venomous.

TYLER
(to his men, under his breath)

Positions. Wait for my signal.

Upstairs, on the mezzanine, PETER watches from the shadows. His face tightens as he sees Tyler below. His hand trembles — he recognizes the same cold presence he once saw in William.

Peter mutters to himself, horror dawning.

PETER
The Johnson curse… it didn’t die.

Back in the lobby, Tyler drifts to the center of the room.

He gently sets his leather case down on the marble floor, snapping the lock open just a fraction. The faint glint of gold shines from within — the mask of the Masked Man.

A chilling smile spreads across his face.

TYLER
(whispering)

The Beaconsfield’s nightmare has returned.

The camera slowly pans to the five men, each taking position: one at the front doors, one near the ballroom, one at the elevators, one by the fire exit, and one blending with the musicians.

The music swells. Guests laugh, oblivious.

Tyler lifts his glass, his smile widening with cruel satisfaction.

TYLER
(under his breath)

Tonight… we begin.

The chandelier above flickers, the lights dim slightly, and

the camera lingers on Tyler’s face — the same chilling

grin as his father, William.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – BATHROOM –

NIGHT (2010)

The muffled sound of music and laughter seeps through

the walls of the hotel’s bathroom. Chandeliers hum faintly

outside, but in here, the mirror flickers with cold

fluorescent light.

TYLER JOHNSON stands alone, his leather case open on

the marble counter. Inside lies the golden mask — the

same mask once worn by William Johnson, his father, the

true Masked Man.

Tyler grips the mask with both hands, staring at his

reflection in the mirror. His face is pale, his jaw tight, his

eyes burning with twisted resolve.

TYLER
(softly, to himself)

Father… tonight, I finish what you began.

Slowly, deliberately, he raises the golden mask and

presses it to his face. The mirror reflects the

transformation: no longer Tyler, but the new Masked Man. His reflection seems to smirk back at him with an eerie life of its own.

TYLER
(whispering, chilling)
The curse lives on… in me.

Behind him, the bathroom door opens slightly. One of his men slips in, carrying a duffel bag. Inside are black masks, simpler than Tyler’s but uniform.

Tyler turns, his golden mask glinting under the light.

TYLER
(to his men, commanding)
Masks on. Now.

The man nods and distributes the masks to the other four accomplices waiting outside. Within moments, five masked figures stand in the hallway — silent, menacing shadows.

Tyler straightens, adjusting his suit, his voice calm but sharp as a knife.

TYLER
Block every exit. Lock the ballroom doors. No one leaves this hotel.

His men nod, moving quickly into position.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND LOBBY –

NIGHT

The music continues as guests dance and laugh, unaware.

Suddenly, two masked men slam the heavy front doors

shut, bolting them from inside. Another shuts the fire

exits, dragging chains across the handles.

One man pulls out a device and cuts the main power to

the landline phones at the reception desk. Another

smashes cell phone jammers into place, instantly killing

all signals. Guests look down at their phones in confusion

— no service.

GUEST
(confused)

That’s strange… no signal?

The musicians stop playing when a masked man looms

behind them, motioning with a pistol. Gasps ripple

through the crowd.

Then, the lights dim.

At the top of the grand staircase, TYLER, wearing the

golden mask, steps into view. His cape sways slightly as

he descends, every guest staring in stunned silence.

He stops halfway down the stairs, his masked gaze

sweeping across the terrified crowd.

TYLER
(cold, booming)

Ladies and gentlemen… welcome to your nightmare.

Guests scream. Some try to run, but are shoved back by

armed masked men. The panic spreads like wildfire,

chaos erupting in the ballroom.

Tyler lifts a gloved hand, calm and commanding.

TYLER
This hotel belongs to me now. And none of you will leave until the Johnson legacy is complete.

The golden mask gleams as the room plunges into terror.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – BALLROOM –

NIGHT (2010)

The once -celebratory ballroom is now chaos. Guests huddle together in fear, whispering, crying, clinging to one another. Masked men stalk the room with weapons, keeping everyone trapped. The golden chandelier flickers as if even the lights are trembling.

At the center of the terrified crowd, THOMAS, the proud new owner of the hotel, stands frozen, his face pale. His champagne glass has slipped from his hand and shattered on the marble floor. He looks around helplessly, realizing the horror of what has begu n inside his hotel.

THOMAS
(whispering to himself)
This… this can’t be happening…

From the crowd, PETER steps forward, his voice harsh, eyes burning with grim certainty.

PETER
I warned you, Thomas. I told you this hotel was cursed. You rebuilt a monument to death, and now… we’re all

trapped inside it.

Thomas turns to him, shaking his head in disbelief.

THOMAS
(angrily, desperate)

No! This was supposed to be a new beginning. A new Beaconsfield!

Peter’s face hardens.

PETER

You can’t build a future on cursed ground. The Masked Man always comes back. And tonight… he’s here.

Nearby, ELIZA CARTER, the young journalist, clutches her notepad against her chest. Her face is pale but her voice is sharp, filled with adrenaline.

ELIZA

He’s right. We’re hostages now. But listen — before they cut the phones and jammed the signals, I managed to send a message.

Thomas and Peter both look at her with surprise.

THOMAS
(stunned)

You… what?

ELIZA

I alerted the press. And the police. They’ll be outside soon.

Her words ripple through the crowd like a spark of hope. Some guests look up, their fear easing just slightly.

PETER
(urgent, low)

If the police are coming… then so is war.

Thomas looks toward the grand staircase, where TYLER,

in his golden mask, watches from above like a dark king.

His calm, menacing presence chills every soul in the room.

THOMAS
(whispering, horrified)

God help us all…

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – BALLROOM –

NIGHT (2010)

The guests are pressed together in fear. The air is heavy with smoke from candles knocked over, the music long silenced. Masked men patrol the room, rifles raised. The golden chandelier sways above, reflecting the panic in every face below.

On the grand staircase, TYLER JOHNSON, the golden mask covering his face, descends step by step with cold authority. His boots echo against the marble, silencing the whispers. All eyes fix on him.

He stops at the bottom of the stairs and points directly at THOMAS, the proud new owner of the Beaconsfield.

TYLER
(cold, booming)

You… the new master of this cursed place. Do you know what fate awaits you?

Thomas trembles but forces himself to step forward, fists clenched.

TYLER

You will die… just like the others who dared to claim this hotel. Your death will avenge my father’s.

Thomas shakes his head furiously, his voice breaking but defiant.

THOMAS

Your father was no victim — he was a murderer! William Johnson killed innocents. He destroyed this hotel. And now I finally believe… the Masked Man was real.

Gasps ripple through the crowd. The golden mask glimmers as Tyler tilts his head, almost amused.

Suddenly, ELIZA CARTER, the young journalist, steps forward from among the hostages. Her voice trembles, but her eyes burn with courage.

ELIZA

I called the press. And the police. Even if you kill us, the world will know. They’ll know you’re nothing more than a coward hiding behind a mask.

The crowd murmurs nervously, some daring to hope.

Tyler stares at her for a long moment. Then, slowly, he begins to laugh. A low, chilling laugh that grows louder, echoing across the ballroom until the walls themselves seem to tremble.

TYLER

(laughing, then furious)

Yes. That is exactly what I want! Let them come. Let the

police surround us. Let the cameras roll.

(raising his arms, shouting)

The world will witness the rebirth of the Masked Man!

They will see me destroy this hotel — stone by stone, soul by soul!

The masked accomplices slam the ballroom doors shut again, locking them tight. Guests scream and press against each other in terror.

Tyler turns slowly in a full circle, arms spread wide, the golden mask gleaming in the candlelight.

TYLER

Tonight, the curse of the Beaconsfield Hotel becomes eternal.

He slams his fist down on a table, shattering glasses, the sound echoing like gunfire.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – BALLROOM – NIGHT (2010)

The air in the ballroom is thick with fear. Guests clutch one another, sobbing, whispering prayers under their breath. The heavy doors are locked. Outside, faint sirens can already be heard in the distance — growing closer.

At the center of it all stands TYLER, the golden mask reflecting the trembling chandelier light. He lifts his arms slowly, savoring the moment as if he were the conductor of an orchestra of terror.

TYLER
(to the hostages, coldly)

You think the police will save you? You think the press will expose me?

(beat, tilting his head)

No. Tonight, the world will see what happens when the Masked Man walks again.

He snaps his fingers.

Immediately, one of his masked accomplices drags a terrified MALE GUEST out of the crowd. The man cries out, struggling, but is forced onto his knees in front of everyone.

Gasps and screams ripple through the ballroom.

TYLER
(pointing at Thomas)

This man’s blood is on your hands, hotel owner. You built this palace of ghosts. You gave me my stage.

Thomas’s face crumples, but he stands frozen, powerless.

ELIZA
(yelling desperately)

Stop this! He has nothing to do with your revenge!

Tyler turns to her slowly, then lets out a laugh, deep and menacing.

TYLER

Everyone here has something to do with it. They chose to come. They chose to ignore the warnings.

He kneels beside the trembling hostage, placing a gloved hand on the man’s shoulder, almost gentle.

TYLER
(softly, into his ear)

Do not be afraid. Your death is not meaningless. It is a message.

The man sobs, begging.

MALE GUEST
Please… please, I have a family…

Tyler rises to his feet and raises his hand.

TYLER
(to his men)

Show them what happens when you enter a cursed hotel.

The accomplice presses the barrel of a pistol against the hostage’s head.

The ballroom erupts into screams. Guests cover their faces, others plead desperately. Thomas surges forward instinctively, but another accomplice shoves him back violently.

THOMAS
(furious, shouting)

You monster!

Tyler turns his masked face toward Thomas.

TYLER
(icy calm)

No. I am justice.

The gunshot explodes like thunder. The hostage collapses to the floor, lifeless. Gasps and sobs fill the air. Blood stains the marble.

Tyler lifts his arms again, his golden mask gleaming.

TYLER
(booming, triumphant)

This is only the beginning. By the time the police break these doors, there will be nothing left but ashes and corpses. And the world will know the Johnson name again.

His men drag the dead hostage’s body to the side as if it were nothing. Guests collapse, fainting, screaming, holding one another in terror.

Eliza glares at Tyler, trembling but unbroken.

ELIZA
(angrily, through tears)

You’re not justice. You’re not a curse. You’re just a coward living in your father’s shadow.

Tyler stops. For a moment, his chest rises and falls heavier, his rage stirring. He steps toward her, the golden mask inches from her face.

TYLER
(quiet, menacing)

Careful, journalist. You may be the next headline I write in blood.

He steps back, spreading his arms again as his accomplices force the hostages into tighter groups, their guns aimed mercilessly.

The sound of sirens outside grows louder — police have arrived. But inside, Tyler has already drawn first blood.

FADE OUT.

EXT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – STREET OUTSIDE – NIGHT (2010)

Police cars and armored vans surround the glowing silhouette of the new Beaconsfield Hotel. Red and blue lights flash across the wet pavement as armed officers take cover behind vehicles, aiming rifles at the sealed entrances.

A growing crowd of onlookers is pushed back by barricades. Helicopters circle above, their searchlights sweeping across the building.

In front of the barricade, a group of INTERNATIONAL JOURNALISTS set up cameras. Among them is BBC REPORTER ANNA CLARKE (40s), microphone in hand, her expression tense but professional.

She speaks into the camera, her voice carrying across the live broadcast.

ANNA CLARKE (BBC)
Good evening from Boston. Behind me stands the newly reopened Beaconsfield Hotel, now the site of a terrifying hostage situation. According to eyewitnesses, dozens of guests and staff are being held inside by a masked man and five armed accomplices.

She gestures toward the building, its ballroom windows glowing faintly in the distance.

ANNA CLARKE (BBC)
Police have confirmed the group is heavily armed and has cut off all communication inside the hotel. Early reports

suggest that the leader of the attackers calls himself the

Masked Man — a name that chills this hotel’s infamous history.

The camera shifts to another journalist — SKY NEWS CORRESPONDENT DA VID RUSSELL (50s). His tone is grave.

DA VID RUSSELL (Sky News)

That’s right, Anna. For our viewers in the UK, the Beaconsfield Hotel is infamous for tragedies dating back to 1930, when a mysterious figure known as the Masked

Man set the hotel ablaze, killing its owner. The legend resurfaced in 1980 when another massac re took place within these very walls.

He glances back at the hotel, the sirens wailing behind him.

DA VID RUSSELL (Sky News)

And now, in 2010, it appears the nightmare has returned.

The camera pans to the crowd of anxious faces — families crying, reporters shouting questions, flashbulbs popping.

Suddenly, a muffled gunshot echoes from inside the hotel.

The crowd gasps. Police tense, weapons raised.

Anna Clarke looks back toward the hotel, her eyes wide, her voice urgent as she continues reporting.

ANNA CLARKE (BBC)

We just heard what sounded like gunfire from inside. The situation is escalating rapidly. Authorities are urging the

public to remain calm, but tension here is overwhelming.

The police commander shouts orders as SWAT teams move into tighter formation around the entrances.

The journalists press closer to the barricade, their cameras zooming in on the hotel’s windows, hoping to capture the first glimpse of the terror unfolding within.

FADE OUT.

EXT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – POLICE COMMAND POST – NIGHT (2010)

The chaos outside the Beaconsfield grows — sirens wailing, journalists shouting, the crowd pressing against barricades. Floodlights from police trucks illuminate the hotel’s façade, its windows black and ominous.

A sleek black sedan screeches to a halt near the police perimeter. The door swings open, and out steps DETECTIVE SARAH BENNETT (late 30s) — tall, composed, her trench coat flaring in the night wind. Her sharp eyes scan the scene with trained precision.

She strides past the journalists, ignoring the barrage of questions shouted in her direction.

REPORTER (O.S.)
Detective, do you believe this is really connected to the old Masked Man killings?

Sarah doesn’t answer. She ducks under the police tape and heads straight to the COMMAND POST, where the

POLICE CAPTAIN briefs his officers over a map of the hotel.

POLICE CAPTAIN
(spotting her)

Bennett. About damn time.

SARAH
(calm, professional)

What do we have?

The Captain gestures toward the glowing silhouette of the hotel.

POLICE CAPTAIN
Leader calls himself “the Masked Man.” He’s got about five armed men with him. Dozens of hostages inside. He’s already executed one guest.

Sarah’s jaw tightens. She studies the floor plans laid out on the table.

SARAH
And communication?

POLICE CAPTAIN
Cut. Phones, internet — all down. He wants the attention.

He wants us, the media, the whole world watching.

Sarah glances toward the hotel, her eyes narrowing.

SARAH
That’s because he’s not just after blood. He’s after legacy.

The Captain frowns.

POLICE CAPTAIN
Legacy?

Sarah nods.

SARAH

The Masked Man isn’t new. This is a name tied to the Beaconsfield curse. 1930. 1980. And now, 2010.

She folds her arms, her gaze hard.

SARAH

But this time… we end it.

The Captain hesitates, clearly unsettled.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Careful, Bennett. Legends don’t die easy.

Sarah pulls a pistol from her holster, checking the chamber before sliding it back into place. She takes a deep breath, her face set with grim determination.

SARAH

Neither do I.

The Captain nods. Around them, SWAT teams prepare gear, snipers position themselves, and the media cameras capture every tense moment.

Sarah steps closer to the barricade, her eyes locked on the dark hotel.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – BALLROOM – NIGHT (2010)

The ballroom is tense, filled with trembling hostages under the cold watch of Tyler’s masked accomplices. The golden mask gleams as TYLER paces across the marble floor, the distant echo of sirens and helicopters drifting through the cracked windows.

He pauses, tilting his head, listening to the faint sound of

a reporter’s voice on a megaphone outside. Guests

exchange hopeful glances — rescue feels closer.

Tyler notices. His fists tighten.

TYLER

(booming)

Do you hear them? The police. The press. The world.

He slams his hand on the grand piano, the echo silencing

the whispers of the hostages.

TYLER

That’s exactly what I wanted. Every camera outside is

watching. Every headline will carry my name. The

Masked Man is not just history anymore…

(beat, raising his arms)

He is alive. He is eternal.

One of his accomplices hurries up beside him, whispering

urgently.

ACCOMPLICE

They’re surrounding the hotel. Snipers on the rooftops.

SWAT’s getting ready.

Tyler chuckles darkly beneath the golden mask.

TYLER

Good. Let them come. I want them to see.

He strides toward THOMAS, the hotel owner, yanking

him to his feet by the collar.

TYLER

This man thought he could erase the curse by building

walls of marble and chandeliers of gold. But tonight —

Tyler spins Thomas toward the crowd of hostages.

TYLER
—he will be the first to fall when I bring this palace down.

Thomas trembles but glares back, voice cracking but defiant.

THOMAS
You’re wrong, Tyler. This hotel isn’t cursed. You are.

The crowd murmurs, some nodding in fear yet agreement.

Tyler’s laugh is sharp, cruel. He leans closer to Thomas.

TYLER
Cursed? No. Chosen.

He pulls a small detonator device from his coat pocket, holding it high for all to see. The blinking red light makes the crowd erupt into screams.

TYLER
I’ve wired this hotel. If the police storm in, if anyone tries to escape… we all go up in flames. Just like 1930. Just like my father.

He slams Thomas back down into a chair, the hostages crying louder.

Tyler stands tall in the center of the ballroom, the mask glowing like fire.

TYLER
(to the hostages)
You are part of history now. You are witnesses to the rebirth of the Masked Man.

Outside, the muffled sound of megaphones grows louder as Detective Sarah Bennett calls into the hotel.

SARAH (O.S., amplified)

This is Detective Sarah Bennett. We want everyone inside to stay calm. Tyler Johnson, we need to talk.

Tyler’s head snaps toward the sound. He lifts his mask slightly, revealing a twisted grin beneath.

TYLER
(smiling darkly)

Ah. Finally, someone who knows my name.

He lowers the mask again, turning back to his terrified audience.

TYLER

Then let’s give them a show.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – BALLROOM –

NIGHT (2010)

The hostages sit huddled together, eyes wide, whispering prayers. Masked accomplices patrol the edges of the room, rifles glinting in the low light. The faint sound of helicopters and police megaphones outside drifts through the cracked windows.

At the center, TYLER stands tall in his golden mask, holding the detonator like a king holding a scepter. He turns slowly, his gaze landing on THOMAS, the ambitious hotel owner.

Two accomplices drag Thomas forward, forcing him to his knees in front of Tyler.

Tyler leans down, his voice sharp but trembling with buried fury.

TYLER
You know what I see when I look at you, Thomas? A man who thought he could build a dream on cursed ground. A man who never had to suffer like I did.

He rips the mask from his face, revealing a twisted expression — half fury, half anguish.

TYLER
I spent my life in an orphanage. Alone. No father. No mother. Just shadows and whispers about the man who wore the mask before me.

(beat, louder)

While you grew up with choices. With opportunities. You had everything my bloodline was denied!

Thomas, shaken but unbroken, stares back at him.

THOMAS
(voice steady, defiant)

I didn’t choose your life, Tyler. And I won’t pay for the sins of your father.

Tyler’s face hardens. He seizes Thomas by the collar, pulling him inches away.

TYLER
But you did choose this hotel. You brought it back from the ashes. And that makes you part of the curse.

He shoves Thomas backward, his voice rising to fill the ballroom.

TYLER

My father was burned in this place. My mother died in grief. And I was left to rot in darkness.

(beat, pointing to the terrified crowd)

Now you all will know what it means to grow up with nothing but hate.

The hostages cry out, some begging for mercy. Eliza, the journalist, clenches her fists, her voice breaking.

ELIZA
(angry, to Tyler)

You’re not a victim anymore. You’re the one choosing blood. That makes you worse than your father.

Tyler glares at her, his jaw tightening. Slowly, he slides the golden mask back onto his face.

TYLER
(calm, chilling)

No. It makes me his legacy.

The ballroom falls silent as the masked men tighten their hold on the trembling hostages.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – BALLROOM –

NIGHT (2010)

The hostages sit trembling, the air heavy with fear. Tyler, his golden mask gleaming, paces in front of them like a predator guarding prey. His remaining masked accomplices stand watch at the ballroom doors and windows.

Suddenly —

CRACK!

The sharp crack of a sniper rifle shatters the tense silence.

A masked accomplice standing guard near the window jerks violently as a bullet tears through his chest. He crashes to the floor, lifeless, his gun clattering away.

Gasps and screams erupt from the hostages. Some instinctively try to rise, but Tyler roars above the chaos.

TYLER
(snarling)

Sit down! Nobody moves!

His breathing grows heavy, rage radiating from his body.

He storms over to the fallen accomplice, staring down at the blood pooling across the marble.

He slams his fist into the wall, his voice cracking with fury.

TYLER

They think they can take me down? They think they can take us down?!

He turns, the golden mask glinting as he points at the hostages.

TYLER

For every man they kill out there, one of you dies in here.

The hostages wail in terror. Some press against each other, others whisper prayers, begging for mercy.

Tyler grabs Thomas by the collar again, dragging him into the center of the room.

TYLER
(to Thomas, furious)

Do you see?! This is your fault. You rebuilt this cursed palace, and now blood stains its floors again.

Thomas, choking but defiant, spits out words through trembling lips.

THOMAS

No… this is you, Tyler. Not the hotel. You.

Tyler raises his pistol, pressing it against Thomas’s temple. The hostages cry out in horror.

From outside, a megaphone crackles — Detective Sarah Bennett’s voice piercing through the chaos.

SARAH (O.S., amplified)

Tyler Johnson! Stop this now. Listen to me — you’re outnumbered. Surrender before more blood is spilled.

Tyler freezes for a moment, his chest rising and falling in heavy breaths. Slowly, he lowers the gun from Thomas’s head… but then tilts his masked face toward the hostages.

TYLER
(to Sarah, mocking, shouting)

You think you’re in control? No. I hold the power here. Every life in this room belongs to me!

He gestures to his men, who shove the hostages closer together, creating a circle of trembling bodies in the center of the ballroom.

TYLER
(raising his voice, furious)

The world will watch them burn if you try again!

He storms back to the fallen accomplice’s body, ripping the golden mask from the corpse’s face. Holding it high for all to see, his voice trembles between grief and rage.

TYLER

They kill one of us, and I make sure this hotel becomes a tomb again.

He slams the mask onto his own face with shaking hands, his rage boiling over.

TYLER

(to his men)

Seal the ballroom tighter. No one leaves. Tonight, we fight until the last drop of blood.

The hostages weep louder, their hope from the sniper’s shot now swallowed by fear of Tyler’s wrath.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – BALLROOM – NIGHT (2010)

The air is thick with smoke and fear. Hostages huddle in terrified silence while Tyler paces the room, the golden mask gleaming as he keeps the detonator in his hand. His men guard the doors, tense after losing one of their own.

Tyler stops in front of THOMAS, who is bruised but still clinging to his defiance.

TYLER

(to Thomas, taunting)

You tried to play king in a cursed palace. Tell me,

Thomas… why risk your fortune, your life, for this hotel?

The hostages murmur, curious despite their terror.

Thomas breathes heavily, his voice low but steady.

THOMAS

Because this hotel is part of me.

Tyler tilts his head, intrigued.

TYLER

Oh? And how is that?

Thomas straightens his back, his eyes burning with conviction.

THOMAS

Because James — the owner of this hotel in 1980 — was my father.

Gasps ripple through the ballroom. Peter, standing among the hostages, staggers back in shock.

PETER

(whispering, stunned)

Your father… was James?

Thomas nods, his voice trembling but proud.

THOMAS

Yes. He was my father. He died carrying the weight of this hotel, its curse, and the Masked Man. That’s why I bought it. To rebuild it. To give it life again. To honor him.

Tyler freezes, then slowly begins to laugh. His laughter grows louder, more twisted, echoing off the ballroom walls.

TYLER

(laughing, furious)

Well, well… what a delicious turn of fate. The son of

James, the man who stood against my father, now kneels before me.

He steps closer, his golden mask inches from Thomas’s face.

TYLER
(whispering, menacing)

And just like his father, he will die in this cursed hotel.

He raises his pistol, pressing it against Thomas’s forehead.

PETER
(shouting, desperate)

No! Don’t do this, Tyler!

Tyler turns his masked face toward Peter, amused.

TYLER

Why not? Killing him would complete the circle. The bloodline of James ends tonight.

Peter’s voice shakes, but he steps forward.

PETER

Because if you kill him… you’ll prove to everyone that you are nothing more than your father’s shadow.

The hostages watch in tense silence, breaths held. Tyler stands frozen, the pistol still pressed to Thomas’s forehead, his body trembling with rage at Peter’s words.

FADE OUT.

EXT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – FRONT FACADE – NIGHT (2010)

Floodlights sweep across the dark walls of the Beaconsfield Hotel. Journalists crowd behind police

barricades, cameras rolling, microphones raised, their voices buzzing with anticipation.

Suddenly —

CRASH!

The glass of a second -floor window shatters outward. Shards rain down onto the pavement.

Stepping into view, framed by the jagged glass, is TYLER JOHNSON. His golden mask gleams under the floodlights, his black coat whipping in the night wind.

The crowd erupts in gasps and screams.

Tyler raises his arms wide, his voice booming down to the street below.

TYLER
(to the press, shouting)
Behold! The Masked Man lives! And tonight, he is not a shadow of the past —he is the master of this hotel!

He laughs, the sound chilling and theatrical, echoing across the street.

TYLER
The Beaconsfield is mine! Its blood is mine! And the world will remember me as the true heir to its curse!

The journalists push forward, cameras flashing, recording every word. Some scream questions:

REPORTER 1
Who are you really?!

REPORTER 2
Why are you doing this?!

TYLER
(arms raised higher)

Because destiny chose me! I am the son of William Johnson, the Masked Man before me. And I will finish what my father began!

The crowd recoils in shock. Gasps ripple through the barricades.

REPORTER 3
(blurting out)
He’s insane!

REPORTER 4
He’s a lunatic with a mask!

Some begin to shout:

JOURNALISTS (shouting, overlapping)
Murderer! Madman! Monster!

Tyler throws his head back and lets out a chilling laugh, louder and more unhinged, echoing into the night.

TYLER
(laughing)
Yes! Call me a monster! Call me mad! The world must see the face of its nightmare!

SWAT snipers adjust their rifles, red laser dots lining up on Tyler’s chest, but he spreads his arms defiantly, daring them to shoot.

TYLER
(shouting, triumphant)
I am the Masked Man! And this hotel will burn again!

His laughter grows louder as the cameras roll, broadcasting his madness live across the world.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – STAIRCASE –

NIGHT (2010)

The grand staircase of the Beaconsfield is half -shattered — glass crunches underfoot, smoke from overturned candles lingers in the air. The muffled sound of Tyler’s ranting outside echoes through the broken windows.

From the ballroom, THOMAS stumbles out, clutching his side, eyes darting in panic. He knows this may be his only chance to escape.

He races toward the staircase, but before he can descend, one of Tyler’s masked accomplices appears, blocking the way. The man grips a shotgun, his black mask reflecting the dim chandelier light.

ACCOMPLICE
(gruff, aiming)

Back inside, now.

Thomas freezes, breath ragged, fear flooding his veins. But then his eyes fall on a loose piece of marble railing, cracked from the chaos earlier.

Slowly, he edges closer.

THOMAS
(pleading, buying time)

Please… I don’t want to die. Just let me go.

The accomplice steps forward, tightening his grip on the shotgun.

ACCOMPLICE

That’s not how this ends.

Suddenly — Thomas grabs the marble fragment and

slams it into the accomplice’s arm. The shotgun blasts

upward, the echo shaking the halls. Splinters rain down

from the ceiling.

The accomplice staggers, but Thomas doesn’t hesitate.

Fueled by adrenaline, he charges, tackling the man onto

the stairs. They tumble violently down, fists and elbows

flying.

The shotgun clatters away, sliding across the steps.

Thomas grabs the man’s head and slams it against the

railing , the mask cracking slightly. The accomplice

groans, dazed.

With one last desperate shove, Thomas kicks the man

down the staircase. The accomplice crashes into the

marble landing below, unconscious, his mask splitting off

his face.

Thomas leans against the wall, chest heaving, sweat and

blood streaking his face.

THOMAS
(breathless, whispering)

For you, Father.

He staggers toward the lower level, eyes fixed on

freedom, but the muffled sound of footsteps and shouting

warns him: more accomplices are searching.

Thomas grabs the shotgun from the floor, clutching it

tight as he disappears into the shadows of the stairwell.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – BALLROOM –

NIGHT (2010)

The ballroom is filled with silence, broken only by the faint sobs of hostages. Tyler storms back inside after his public display at the window, his golden mask gleaming with menace. He notices immediately that one of his accomplices is missing from his post.

He whirls around, his voice booming across the marble floor.

TYLER

Where is he? Where is the man I left on the staircase?!

The other accomplices exchange uneasy looks . The tension grows heavier, the blinking red light of the detonator in Tyler’s hand glowing brighter in the shadows.

Suddenly, a faint echo of gunfire from the lower floors reaches their ears. Tyler’s fists clench. His voice rises, sharp and furious.

TYLER

(booming, enraged)

He’s dead. Another one of my men is gone.

He points the pistol toward the crowd of trembling hostages, his voice trembling with fury.

TYLER

Do you see what happens when anyone tries to fight me?

Blood spills! Every time!

The hostages scream and cry louder, terrified.

Tyler spins toward his remaining men, his mask reflecting the candlelight like fire.

TYLER
(to his men)

Thomas. Find him. Now.

Two accomplices nod and immediately head for the corridors, rifles in hand, their boots echoing as they vanish into the darkness of the hotel.

Tyler walks slowly back toward Thomas’s empty chair , where the ropes lie broken. He kneels, his gloved hand brushing over the snapped bindings.

TYLER
(quiet, menacing)

You think you can run, Thomas? You think you can defy the Masked Man?

He rises, his voice growing louder, his fury consuming the ballroom.

TYLER

I will hunt you. I will bleed you. And when the world watches this hotel collapse, it will be your body first in the ashes !

The hostages recoil, sobbing, clinging to each other as Tyler throws his head back and laughs, the golden mask glowing in the firelight.

Outside, the distant sound of sirens and helicopters grows stronger. But inside, the darkness of the Beaconsfield is once again closing in.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – ABANDONED

HALLWAY – NIGHT (2010)

The corridor is silent except for the faint drip of leaking pipes and the distant murmur of terrified hostages .

Tyler stops in front of the tall, cracked antique mirror .

The golden mask reflects back at him, distorted in the warped glass.

His breathing slows as he stares into it, sweat running down his temple. Then — the reflection changes again.

Beside him in the mirror stands the spectral image of WILLIAM JOHNSON , his father. The same golden mask gleams, his black cloak swaying as though touched by a wind that does not exist.

This time, William does not speak. Instead, he turns his masked face toward Tyler and slowly… smiles.

Tyler’s chest tightens. His voice trembles with a mix of awe and fury.

TYLER

Father… you see me now. You see what I’ve done.

The reflection of William begins to walk backward into the glass , vanishing into the endless shadows beyond the mirror.

Tyler slams his palm against the cold surface, desperate.

TYLER

(shouting)

Don’t leave me! Stay with me!

The glass ripples faintly like water, but William is gone.

Only Tyler’s reflection remains — golden mask gleaming, eyes burning with madness.

Tyler lowers his head, then raises it slowly, whispering to the mirror as if his father can still hear him.

TYLER
(softly, then louder)

They will all die… every last one of them… in fire.

He clenches his fist, the detonator blinking red in his palm.

TYLER
(booming, vengeful)

Just like you, Father. Your death will be avenged.

His laughter echoes down the hallway, chilling and unhinged, as he storms away from the shattered mirror toward the ballroom — ready to unleash the inferno.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – LOWER CORRIDOR – NIGHT (2010)

The narrow corridor is dimly lit, plaster peeling from the walls, shadows stretching into every corner. THOMAS creeps along, gripping the stolen shotgun from earlier. His face is streaked with sweat and dust, every step filled with dread.

Suddenly — a door SLAMS open. One of Tyler’s accomplices bursts through, mask gleaming, rifle in hand.

Their eyes lock.

ACCOMPLICE
(gruff)

There you are.

Before the man can fire, Thomas lunges forward, slamming the shotgun against the accomplice’s chest. The weapon discharges upward, blasting plaster from the ceiling.

They crash against the wall, grappling desperately. The rifle clatters to the floor, skidding across the corridor.

THOMAS
(straining, furious)

I won’t go back! I won’t die here!

The accomplice growls, kneeing Thomas hard in the ribs.

Thomas gasps in pain but counters with a headbutt that cracks the accomplice’s mask slightly. Both stumble, fists swinging.

For a brief moment, Thomas gains the upper hand — shoving the accomplice into the wall and pinning him with the shotgun pressed against his throat.

THOMAS
(breathless, snarling)

I’m not my father… I will survive this!

But before he can finish the fight, another masked accomplice charges in from behind. He slams Thomas in the back with the butt of his rifle, sending him crashing to the ground.

Thomas groans, clutching his ribs as both accomplices pin him down.

ACCOMPLICE 2
(to the other)

Tie him up. Tyler wants him alive.

They bind Thomas’s wrists brutally tight, ignoring his protests. He thrashes, shouting in defiance, but their grips are iron.

THOMAS
(struggling, shouting)

You’ll never win! You hear me?! This hotel will never belong to you!

The accomplices drag him back through the corridor, his boots scraping against the marble.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – BALLROOM – NIGHT (2010)

The doors BURST open. The accomplices shove Thomas inside, throwing him to the ground in front of the hostages. Gasps ripple through the terrified crowd.

Tyler steps forward, looming above Thomas. His golden mask gleams, the detonator still flashing in his hand.

TYLER
(slow, mocking)

And here he is… the son of James. The would -be hero.

He kneels, tilting Thomas’s chin upward with the barrel of his pistol.

TYLER
(cold)

But you’re no savior. You’re just another prisoner of the

Masked Man’s curse.

Thomas glares back, his chest heaving, defiant even in chains.

FADE OUT.

EXT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – POLICE PERIMETER – NIGHT (2010, ENGLAND)

The Beaconsfield Hotel looms like a dark fortress, its gothic towers glowing faintly under the floodlights. Police barricades stretch across the street. Armed officers crouch behind vans, rifles fixed on the sealed doors. Helicopters circle above, their searchlights sweeping across the windows.

DETECTIVE SARAH BENNETT of Scotland Yard stands at the barricade, her coat damp from the misty night air. A megaphone rests in her hand, her face lined with exhaustion — she’s been here for hours.

She speaks into the megaphone again, her voice steady but edged with frustration.

SARAH
Tyler Johnson! We’ve been through this all night. You’re surrounded. Nobody else has to die. Talk to me.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND BALLROOM – NIGHT

The hostages sit in terrified silence, their eyes darting toward the broken windows. Tyler stands at the center,

pacing like a caged beast. His golden mask reflects the

flickering candlelight.

Sarah’s voice drifts through the cracks in the glass, calm

but insistent.

SARAH (O.S.)

Tyler, listen. I know who your father was. William

Johnson — the Masked Man. He burned in this place.

You don’t have to follow him into the fire.

Tyler stops pacing. His fists clench. Slowly, he looks up

toward the window, listening.

TYLER

(mocking, shouting back)

Don’t have to follow him? Detective, I was born to finish

him! My father’s mask is mine. His curse is mine.

The hostages gasp as Tyler slams his fist against the wall,

his voice rising like thunder.

TYLER

(booming)

And tonight, you and all of England will see the Masked

Man reborn!

EXT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – POLICE

PERIMETER – NIGHT

Sarah lowers the megaphone, her jaw tightening. Around

her, officers and the Police Superintendent watch

nervously.

SUPERINTENDENT

(quiet, worried)

He’s not breaking, Bennett. He’s only getting worse.

Sarah stares at the towering hotel, determination burning

in her eyes.

SARAH
(steady, cold)

He’s been preparing for this night his whole life. If I don’t break through to him soon… he’ll turn the Beaconsfield into a graveyard.

She grips the megaphone tighter, raises it again, her voice sharper, louder — trying one more time to cut through Tyler’s madness.

SARAH
Tyler, look at yourself! You’re not William Johnson — you’re his shadow. Take off the mask before it swallows you whole.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND BALLROOM – NIGHT

Tyler tilts his head, listening. For a flicker of a moment, his breathing slows — Sarah’s words striking deeper than he wants to admit.

But then, he bursts into chilling laughter, echoing through the ballroom.

TYLER
(laughing, triumphant)

No, Detective. You’re wrong. The mask doesn’t swallow me… it completes me!

He raises the detonator , the red light blinking like a

heartbeat, as the hostages cry out in fear.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND HALLWAY / BALLROOM – NIGHT (2010, ENGLAND)

The air is heavy with smoke and whispers of terror. The hostages tremble, guarded by Tyler’s men. The golden mask glows under the chandelier light.

From the shadows of a side corridor, a REPORTER (30s) stumbles in — disheveled, clutching a small live camera rig . His breathing is fast, terrified, but his red recording light blinks steadily.

The hostages gasp. Tyler whirls around, pistol raised.

TYLER
(booming)
Who dares walk into my hotel uninvited?!

The reporter freezes but keeps the camera aimed at Tyler, his voice shaking.

REPORTER
(terrified, to camera)
This… this is live. All of England, you can see him. The Masked Man — he’s real. He’s here.

The feed flickers across televisions in homes, pubs, and newsrooms across England. Millions watch as Tyler steps closer, his golden mask filling the screen.

TYLER
(mocking, triumphant)
Yes! Let them see me! Let all of England see the face of

its curse!

He rips the camera from the reporter’s hands and holds it up to his mask.

TYLER
(to the live feed, booming)

You thought the Masked Man was a legend. A ghost. A story to scare children. But tonight, you will see the Beaconsfield burn again!

He turns the camera toward the trembling hostages, their faces streaked with tears.

TYLER
(to England)

These people are witnesses. When their screams fill these halls, you will know the Masked Man never dies.

The reporter, still kneeling, dares to speak.

REPORTER
(shaking)

Why… why are you doing this?

Tyler tilts his head, then bursts into unhinged laughter.

TYLER

Why? Because this country forgot my father! They buried William Johnson in shame. Tonight, I will carve his name into history with fire and blood!

He throws the camera back at the reporter, who scrambles on the floor, capturing every movement.

TYLER
(to the lens, menacing)

England, watch closely. This hotel will die before your eyes — and its death will be your curse too.

He slams his hand against the wall, his voice booming through the hall like thunder.

TYLER
The Beaconsfield will fall — and all of you will fall with it!

The hostages scream, the feed cutting in and out as Tyler’s laughter echoes, live on every screen in England.

FADE OUT.

EXT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – POLICE PERIMETER – NIGHT (2010, ENGLAND)

Floodlights bathe the towering Beaconsfield Hotel in harsh white light. Outside the barricades, journalists scramble, shoving microphones at one another, as crowds of onlookers gasp at the sight streaming across giant news screens set up by the press.

On every monitor: Tyler Johnson, in his golden mask, ranting live inside the hotel. His face fills the screen, his voice manic, his laughter chilling.

TYLER (ON SCREEN)
England, watch closely. This hotel will die before your eyes — and its death will be your curse too!

The feed shows trembling hostages, crying, their faces pale with terror.

Gasps ripple through the crowd. Some scream. Others pray. The press erupts in chaos.

At the police command post, DETECTIVE SARAH BENNETT stands frozen, her face tight with fury and

horror. The SUPERINTENDENT beside her slams his fist against the table.

SUPERINTENDENT
Bloody hell… he’s broadcasting live. The whole country is watching this massacre unfold.

An officer mutters nervously into a radio.

OFFICER
We can’t jam the signal in time, ma’am. He’s hijacked every channel.

Sarah leans closer to the screen, watching Tyler’s unhinged performance.

SARAH
(low, furious)
He’s not just killing them. He’s turning it into theatre. He wants England itself to be his hostage.

The Superintendent shakes his head, beads of sweat on his forehead.

SUPERINTENDENT
If he detonates, the death toll… the political fallout…

Sarah cuts him off sharply, her voice cold and resolute.

SARAH
I don’t care about politics. I care about stopping him.

She turns back to the SWAT team, her voice firm, commanding.

SARAH
Get me a comms line into that feed. If the whole country’s watching, then I’ll speak to him where he can’t hide — live, in front of everyone.

The officers hesitate, startled.

SUPERINTENDENT

Bennett, are you sure? That’s madness.

Sarah glares at the glowing image of Tyler on the screen, the golden mask glinting as he paces among his trembling prisoners.

SARAH

(steady, grim)

If he wants a stage, then I’ll confront him on it.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – SERVICE CORRIDOR / BASEMENT – NIGHT (2010, ENGLAND)

The flickering lightbulbs cast long shadows across the cracked brick walls. TYLER strides into the basement, golden mask glinting, with two of his armed accomplices following close behind.

On the floor lie containers of petrol, bundles of rags, and crude explosives — all hidden here in advance. The air reeks of gasoline.

Tyler kneels, unscrewing a container and dipping his gloved fingers into the liquid. He holds them up, letting the petrol drip slowly, his breathing heavy with anticipation.

TYLER

(quiet, to himself)

Fire cleanses everything. Fire is memory. Fire is destiny.

He looks to his men, his voice rising.

TYLER

My father’s fire was only the beginning. Tonight, England will watch the Beaconsfield burn brighter than ever before.

One of the accomplices grins nervously, striking a box of matches to test the flame.

ACCOMPLICE 1

Once we spread this across the halls, there’s no going back.

TYLER

(booming, fierce)

There is no going back. Only forward — into the fire.

He points to the staircase.

TYLER

Drench the carpets. Soak the walls. Every corner must burn.

The men obey, dragging the containers upstairs. The stench of petrol soon fills the hotel. Guests in the ballroom begin coughing, covering their mouths, panic spreading as they realize what’s happening.

Back in the basement, Tyler carefully sets down a small detonator switch beside the lined explosives. The blinking red light reflects in his golden mask.

He runs his hand over the old stone wall, his voice soft, almost reverent.

TYLER

Father… your ashes are still here. Tonight I give you the inferno you deserved.

He closes his fist tightly around a match, his voice breaking into manic laughter.

TYLER
(booming)

They will all burn. And England will never forget the Masked Man.

The camera lingers on the flames of the match trembling in his hand, his laughter echoing through the basement as the accomplices continue spreading petrol through the hotel corridors.

FADE OUT.

EXT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – POLICE PERIMETER – NIGHT

(2010, ENGLAND)

The chaos outside grows louder — journalists shouting, cameras flashing, terrified relatives crying behind the barricades. Inside the command post, DETECTIVE SARAH BENNETT studies the blueprints of the hotel with her team of officers.

SARAH
(pointing to the map)

We breach here, through the service entrance. Split into two units — one goes up the west staircase, the other secures the basement. Tyler can’t light that fire if we cut him off.

The SUPERINTENDENT nods, while heavily armed officers prepare their gear. The tension is suffocating.

Suddenly, Sarah stops mid -sentence. She looks past the barricades, her eyes narrowing.

At the far edge of the hotel grounds, illuminated faintly by the moonlight, a shadow moves . A tall, looming figure

— golden mask glinting faintly — standing impossibly still.

Sarah’s breath catches in her throat.

SARAH
(startled, whispering)

…No. It can’t be.

The figure tilts its head slowly, just as the Masked Man had decades ago. For a moment, Sarah feels the same chill

that must have haunted James, Harry, and the others

before her.

She stumbles a step back, pointing.

SARAH
(urgent, shouting)

There! By the fence! Do you see him? The Masked

Man—!

The officers whirl around, weapons raised. Flashlights cut through the night.

But the figure is gone. Only the mist swirls, the shadows empty.

POLICE SERGEANT
(confused)

Ma’am, there’s no one there. Just fog.

SARAH
(breathless, shaken)

No… I saw him. William Johnson. The first Masked Man.

He was here.

The Superintendent lays a firm hand on her shoulder.

SUPERINTENDENT

Bennett, your mind’s playing tricks. You’ve been on this case too long. Tyler’s the threat — not a ghost.

Sarah’s eyes remain fixed on the empty space beyond the barricade, her pulse racing.

SARAH

(low, to herself)

Ghosts don’t wear masks. They haunt them.

She turns back to her team, her voice steady but her hands trembling.

SARAH

Load up. We’re going in. But remember this — we may not be fighting just a man tonight.

The officers exchange uneasy glances as Sarah pulls on her vest and checks her weapon, her eyes still flicking toward the shadows — where the Masked Man seemed to stand only seconds before.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND BALLROOM – NIGHT

(2010, ENGLAND)

The chandeliers flicker overhead. Hostages huddle in groups, their faces pale, eyes darting toward the barricaded exits. The sound of sobbing echoes across the vast hall.

Suddenly, the doors slam open. TYLER , wearing his golden mask, storms inside with two of his accomplices,

each carrying containers of petrol. The acrid smell fills the air instantly.

He strides to the center of the ballroom, striking a match and holding it up like a trophy.

TYLER
(shouting, manic)

Beaconsfield will burn! Just as it always should have! Just as my father promised!

He hurls the lit match onto a petrol -soaked carpet runner.

Flames hiss to life, crawling across the elegant red fabric like a serpent. Guests scream, stumbling backward in terror.

HOSTAGE 1
(crying out)

Please! Don’t do this!

TYLER
(coldly)

Your cries are fuel for the fire.

His men drag more rags, tossing them against the wooden walls. Flames climb higher, the fire beginning to consume the edges of the room.

In the corner, THOMAS , PETER , and ELIZA CARTER (the journalist) crouch low, whispering urgently.

THOMAS
(tense, whispering)

We can’t wait. If this spreads, we’ll all be ash.

PETER
(fearful)

The doors are locked, Thomas. Every way out —sealed.

ELIZA
(resolute)

There’s always a way. We just need to move while he’s distracted.

The three exchange a look of desperate agreement.

Back in the center of the ballroom, Tyler kicks over another petrol canister, dousing the marble floor. Fire licks at the grand drapes, black smoke curling toward the ceiling.

TYLER
(laughing wildly)

Do you hear it?! The fire sings! It’s the same song my father heard, the same song that killed Harry, that cursed James, that cursed all of you !

The fire crackles louder, smoke thickening, choking screams filling the hall. Guests scatter from the growing flames, some clawing at the locked doors, pounding in vain.

PETER
(to Thomas and Eliza)

Now! Move now!

The three duck low, crawling behind overturned tables, dodging broken glass and embers.

Tyler notices movement but only laughs harder, raising his arms like a conductor orchestrating the chaos.

TYLER
(booming, triumphant)

Run, hide, scream! It changes nothing. All of you will burn in my father’s legacy!

The fire surges higher, smoke choking the air as the grand ballroom becomes a blazing trap. The terrified hostages clutch one another, their cries mixing with Tyler’s manic laughter as the inferno spreads through the Beaconsfield once again.

FADE OUT.

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INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – SMOKE -FILLED CORRIDORS – NIGHT (2010, ENGLAND)

The main doors explode inward as the SWAT team storms in, weapons drawn, fire hoses blasting down the flames that crawl along the walls. Smoke thickens the air, choking visibility, alarms shrieking in every corridor.

DETECTIVE SARAH BENNETT charges forward with her pistol, her face hidden behind a gas mask. Her eyes are sharp, scanning every shadow.

SARAH
(shouting to her team)

Split into units! Secure the west wing —get the survivors out first! Move!

The officers fan out. Screams echo from down the hall.

Sarah bolts toward the sound, kicking open a locked door.

Inside a small storage room , a group of terrified

hostages huddles together, coughing and crying. The

smoke curls around them like a noose.

HOSTAGE 2
(pleading, desperate)

Please —please don’t leave us!

Sarah drops to her knees, pulling one hostage up with

firm hands.

SARAH
(steady, urgent)

You’re safe now. Stay low, cover your mouths —follow

my lead!

Two officers rush in, guiding the survivors down the

corridor. Gunfire rattles from deeper inside the hotel —

Tyler’s men.

Suddenly, an accomplice bursts from the smoke ,

wielding a shotgun. He fires, blowing holes in the plaster.

Sarah dives to the ground, rolling behind an overturned

cart. Her pistol flashes, one, two, three shots. The

accomplice collapses with a scream, his weapon skidding

across the floor.

SARAH
(into her radio)

One hostile down. I’ve got survivors moving to the south

exit. Keep the path clear!

She grabs two young women by the arms, practically

dragging them through the haze, her voice unyielding.

SARAH

(firm, commanding)

Don’t stop, don’t look back —keep moving!

The camera follows them as they stumble into the grand staircase, where flames lick the banisters and smoke billows upward. Officers smash windows, letting air in, pulling more survivors out through ladders outside.

But Sarah pauses, looking upward through the smoke to the upper levels of the hotel. Shadows move —Tyler and his men still inside, and more hostages trapped above.

Her jaw tightens.

SARAH
(to herself, grim)

This isn’t just rescue. This is war.

She reloads her pistol, nods to her team, and charges deeper into the burning hotel, the cries of survivors and the crackle of fire echoing around her.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND STAIRCASE – NIGHT

(2010, ENGLAND)

The hotel is a burning labyrinth. Flames lick the velvet curtains, chandeliers collapse in showers of sparks, and the air is thick with black smoke.

TYLER , still wearing the golden mask, staggers through the fire. His clothes smolder, his breath ragged. The fire

reflects in the mask’s hollow eyes, making him appear

almost inhuman.

Suddenly, part of the ceiling collapses . Tyler is thrown to

the ground, pinned near a wall of fire. The heat is

unbearable, flames closing in on him from all sides.

He struggles, coughing violently, his mask glowing with

heat.

TYLER

(choking)

No… not like this… not in the fire…

As the flames surge, THOMAS emerges through the

smoke, his face streaked with ash, his body battered but

determined. He sees Tyler about to be consumed.

Without hesitation, Thomas pushes through the fire,

grabbing Tyler’s arm and pulling with all his strength.

THOMAS

(gritting his teeth)

Hold on! I’ve got you!

Tyler looks up at him, stunned, his voice breaking

through the mask.

TYLER

(disbelieving, hoarse)

After everything I’ve done… after all the blood… why

would you save me?

Thomas tightens his grip, dragging Tyler free of the

collapsing flames.

THOMAS
(steady, resolute)

Because I’m not like you, Tyler. I won’t let this curse make me a monster.

For a moment, Tyler’s body goes slack, overwhelmed by the weight of Thomas’s words. He stares through the mask’s hollow eyes, as if seeing his own reflection in Thomas’s humanity.

Behind them, the fire roars louder, the staircase threatening to collapse entirely.

TYLER
(low, shaken)

You… you should’ve let me burn.

THOMAS

No one deserves to burn. Not even you.

Thomas pulls Tyler toward a safer corridor, both men coughing, the fire raging behind them like the wrath of the past itself.

FADE OUT.

EXT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – FRONT COURTYARD – NIGHT

(2010, ENGLAND)

The once -magnificent Beaconsfield Hotel now glows red against the night sky, its upper floors consumed by fire.

Smoke pours into the heavens as firefighters battle the flames. Survivors are wrapped in blankets, coughing and sobbing behind the barricades.

Through the shattered entrance, DETECTIVE SARAH BENNETT emerges with her team, dragging a battered

and weakened TYLER JOHNSON . His golden mask

dangles loosely from his hand, blackened by smoke and

ash.

The crowd erupts in gasps and shouts. Cameras flash like

lightning.

SARAH

(firm, cold)

Tyler Johnson, you are under arrest for murder, arson, and

terrorism. You will answer for every life you’ve

destroyed.

She shoves him toward a waiting police car. Officers

secure his wrists in iron cuffs.

Tyler doesn’t resist. Instead, he turns his head slowly —

his hollow eyes locking on THOMAS , who stands just

beyond the barricade, his face smeared with soot, his

chest rising and falling heavily.

The two men stare at each other in silence. The world

seems to fade — only their gaze exists.

TYLER

(voice low, bitter)

You should’ve let me burn.

THOMAS

(quiet, steady)

I’m not like you, Tyler. I never will be.

Tyler smirks faintly, a broken, twisted smile. As he is

shoved into the back of the police car, he presses the

golden mask against the window for Thomas to see — his

eyes gleaming with defiance.

TYLER
(mocking, almost whispering)

The fire never dies. The Masked Man lives on.

The door slams shut.

Thomas exhales deeply, his fists clenched at his sides, the

weight of the past heavy on his shoulders.

SARAH
(to Thomas, calm but resolute)

It’s over.

Thomas shakes his head slowly, eyes still locked on the

car as it drives away.

THOMAS
(whispering)

No… it’s only beginning.

The camera pans upward — over the burning

Beaconsfield Hotel, its silhouette a black scar against the

flames — as Tyler’s faint laughter echoes from the police

car, chilling and unbroken.

FADE OUT.

EXT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – RUINS – DAWN (2010,

ENGLAND)

The first light of dawn cuts through the smoke. The

Beaconsfield Hotel is nothing but a blackened skeleton,

its once -grand façade reduced to charred rubble.

Firefighters spray the smoldering ruins, the hiss of water

mixing with the distant cries of survivors.

THOMAS stands near the barricade, exhausted, his face streaked with ash and grief. Beside him are PETER and

ELIZA CARTER , the young journalist. Eliza scribbles into her notebook, but her hands shake, her eyes fixed on the ruins.

Peter stares at the smoking hotel, his expression heavy, his voice filled with sorrow.

PETER
(softly, almost to himself)

Thomas… will you rebuild it? Will you try again?

Thomas doesn’t answer at first. He gazes at the ruins, the smoke curling upward like restless spirits. His jaw tightens, his chest rising and falling slowly.

Finally, he turns to Peter, his voice low and certain.

THOMAS
No. This hotel is cursed. It still carries the spirit of the Masked Man.

Eliza looks up from her notes, her voice cautious.

ELIZA
Do you really believe that? After everything we’ve seen tonight?

Thomas nods grimly, his eyes never leaving the ruins.

THOMAS
I don’t just believe it. I’ve lived it. Some things can’t be rebuilt… some things should stay buried.

The three stand in silence, the rising sun casting an eerie

glow over the burnt skeleton of the Beaconsfield.

A stray gust of wind blows ashes across the ground —

and among them, something glints faintly. The half -

burned golden mask , lying in the rubble, watching

silently like an unblinking eye.

The camera lingers on the mask, its sinister gleam

untouched by the fire.

FADE OUT.

INT. OLD BAILEY COURTHOUSE – LONDON – DAY (2011)

A massive courtroom buzzes with tension. Rows of

journalists from England and around the world cram into

the gallery, their cameras flashing, pens scribbling. The

case has become international news — The Trial of Tyler

Johnson , son of William, heir to the Masked Man’s curse.

Tyler sits in the defendant’s box, dressed in a plain prison

uniform. His golden mask is displayed on the evidence

table, locked inside a glass case. He stares at it

obsessively, his lips curling into the faintest smile.

JUDGE WHITAKER , stern and dignified, presides from

the bench.

The PROSECUTOR rises, his voice carrying through the

packed room.

PROSECUTOR

Your Honour, members of the court — the evidence is overwhelming. Tyler Johnson orchestrated the hostage crisis, the murders, and the fire at the Beaconsfield Hotel.

He sought to glorify his father’s crimes, to extend the legacy of terror. There is no doub t. He is guilty.

Gasps ripple across the courtroom. Reporters lean forward, scribbling furiously.

The DEFENSE ATTORNEY stands briefly, his voice strained and desperate.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

My client is not in his right mind. He was abandoned as a child, raised in an orphanage, haunted by trauma —

Tyler suddenly rises, chains rattling as he slams his palms on the wooden stand.

TYLER

(shouting, defiant)

No! I wasn’t haunted — I was chosen! My father gave me the mask! The fire is my blood! And you… all of you… will never erase the name Johnson!

The courtroom erupts in chaos. Gasps, cries, cameras snapping like lightning. Guards rush forward, restraining Tyler, forcing him back into his seat.

JUDGE WHITAKER

(banging gavel, furious)

Order! Order in the court!

The noise subsides, though tension hangs thick in the air.

The judge’s gaze falls hard on Tyler.

JUDGE WHITAKER
Tyler Johnson… you stand guilty of mass murder, arson, and terrorism. You have shown no remorse, only madness and pride in your atrocities. This court has no choice but to impose the maximum penalty.

He leans forward, his voice like a hammer.

JUDGE WHITAKER
You are hereby sentenced to life imprisonment, without the possibility of parole.

The courtroom explodes with noise — reporters shouting into phones, cameras flashing. Survivors sob quietly in the gallery.

Tyler doesn’t flinch. Instead, he begins to laugh — a hollow, echoing laugh that chills the room. He raises his chained hands slightly, as if blessing the crowd.

TYLER
(laughing, defiant)
Prison walls can’t kill fire. The Masked Man will never die.

Guards drag him from the courtroom as he continues to laugh, his voice carrying long after he disappears into the corridors.

The camera lingers on the golden mask in the glass case , the light catching its surface. Even in silence, it seems to smile.

FADE OUT.

One Year Later

EXT. BEACONSFIELD CEMETERY – NIGHT (2011, ENGLAND)

The cemetery behind the ruins of the Beaconsfield Hotel is shrouded in mist. The broken silhouette of the burned hotel looms in the distance, glowing faintly in the moonlight.

A small procession arrives: TYLER JOHNSON , shackled at the wrists and escorted by two stern POLICE GUARDS . The cold chains rattle with each step. Reporters are barred outside the gates, their camera flashes a distant storm.

The group halts before a pair of graves. Weathered headstones rise from the earth:

WILLIAM JOHNSON – 1930 –1980

CHLOE JOHNSON – 1932 –1980

Tyler kneels, his face pale, his eyes glinting with both sorrow and mania. One of the guards unlocks a small case and hands him the golden mask , still tarnished from the fire.

Tyler cradles it reverently, as though holding a holy relic.

He lowers it gently onto the soil of his father’s grave.

TYLER
(whispering, trembling)

Father… mother… the world tried to erase you. But your fire burns in me.

The wind howls through the trees. The mist thickens.

Tyler lifts his head — and freezes.

Across the cemetery, half -shrouded in fog, a tall figure emerges . Cloaked in shadow, a golden mask gleams faintly in the moonlight. The figure tilts its head slowly, just as William once did.

Tyler’s eyes widen. His breath quickens. A twisted smile spreads across his lips.

TYLER
(soft, awed)

I knew you’d return. I knew the Masked Man could never die.

The figure lingers in the fog, silent and still, its mask glinting like a burning ember. The police guards glance around nervously but see nothing.

Tyler’s laughter begins softly, then grows, echoing through the cemetery, mingling with the wind — as the shadow of the Masked Man remains watching, eternal.

FADE OUT.

TEXT ON SCREEN: “The Mystery of Beaconsfield Hotel will continue…”

THE END.